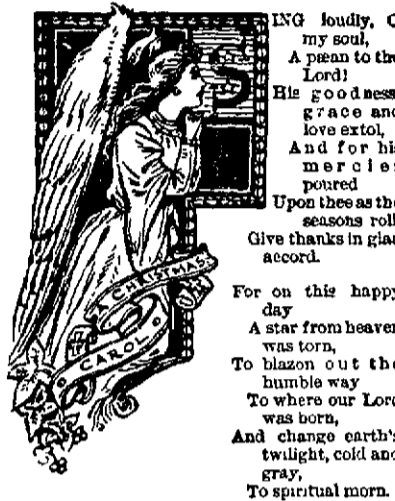


A TIMELY GREETING.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

ING loudly, O
my soul,
A psalm to the
Lord!
His goodness
and grace
and love
and for his
mercy
poised
Upon these
seasons roll
Give thanks in glad
accord.

For on this happy
day
A star from heaven
was born,
To blaze out the
humble way
To where our Lord
was born,
And change earth's
twilight, cold and
gray,
To storied morn.

THE MERRITT MATTER.

NOW HELEN BLAKE BROUGHT ABOUT A
CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION.
(Copyright, 1899, by Western Press Association.)



WONDER what you'll be
like at my age," said Wil-
liam Merritt, smilingly to his
son Albert, one day memora-
ble in the lives of both.
William Merritt was what
the people called "a hard
man to get along with." He
was hard, just, sincere and
severe. He began his life as a fleet
captain, and finished his training as a
captain of an Indiana county. A
man of age he knew absolutely nothing
of any methods save stern command and force ready
for instant application. To this he added a
habit of perpetual fault finding.
He had been going over the hoary harangue,
with which some old people have insulted
young ones since the days of Homer, about
the good boys and the industrious young men
of his early life and the degenerate sons of
these days, when Albert's satirical humor
rose.

"You're mighty little account now," said
the old, cynical skeptic, whose father was
among the well-to-do farmers of the com-
munity, and the finished trickster, whose father
was the outcast; they often laid out wonder-
ful plans of life in distant regions; but soon
a fair young face rose before Albert Merritt's
eyes, and he could not make up his mind to
go. It was the face of Helen Blake, only a
few years before his schoolmate. But now
Albert was resolved. If Helen thought of
him as often as he did of her, she would wait
for him to return, and if she were worth the
winning she would respect him more for
leaving the discomforts of his present life.
Thus he reasoned.

Late that night two lads with small bun-
dles might have been seen, but took care not
to be, on the river road, and it was soon
known to all the community that they had
left the place.
Of farewells the boys had said none.
Albert had indeed written a brief note to
his mother, in which he had bidden her a
good-by full of clumsily worded tenderness,
and another to Helen, in which he had formally
begun "Miss Helen Blake," and in which he
had as formally expressed the hope that
though absent perhaps for years, he would

not be forgotten. These epistles he took with
him in his flight, and a day or two later an-
trusted them to Sam McCorkle to post, but
that individual, fearful that the route of de-
parture would be guessed by the postmark,
calmly destroyed them, although he solemnly
declared to Albert that he had deposited
them in the postoffice of a considerable town
through which they journeyed. And so the
two boys were quite cut off from the old
world of semi-servitude.

That a father should be sorry for the flight
of a son is not natural; that he should, while
a spark of pride or anger remains, tell any
one of his sorrow would be contrary to all
recorded precedents in such cases. William
Merritt was not the man to violate prece-
dents of discipline. He held himself stiffly,
waved away the subject complacently, and
said when he spoke at all: "Oh, he'll soon get
sick of his first—he'll be glad enough to come
back." But late summer yielded to autumn,
and autumn gave place to winter, and a sad
Christmas day had come, for Albert Merritt
had made no sign.

When Helen Blake was told that Albert
Merritt was a "runaway boy" she merely
said, "Ah, indeed," and bent very low over
her work; but she knew why he had gone—
knew it, indeed, about as well as he did.
Ere long she and Mrs. Merritt seemed to
have a good deal to say to each other. They
seldom if ever mentioned Albert, but it al-
ways seemed that the mother was much
cheered after a visit from Helen. In her own
desponding heart the mother said: "He will
never come back, he is too much like his
father," a favorite delusion with mothers,
by the way. And so, on this sad Christmas
day, the two sorrowful women exchanged
deep sympathies without exchanging a word
on the subject nearest their hearts, and the
mother felt that night as if volumes had
been spoken on the subject, when in fact it
had not been mentioned. And thereafter
Helen came oftener and oftener, and some-
how after each visit the mother felt an as-
surance that all would be right, and felt it
just the same whether Albert's name was
mentioned or not.

Now, after the first shock was passed,
Helen Blake never felt a doubt in her bosom
that she would in good time receive some
word from Albert Merritt, and she would
have risked much on her conviction that she
would hear before either of his parents,
though she could not have told you why, and
probably would not if she could, for the best
farm in Jackson township. Yet she knew it
all the same, and visited the Merritts often,
and at such visits it somehow fell out that
something rather singular happened.

On one occasion she grew quite hilarious in
remembrance of a certain school exhibition,
and told how the teacher had photographed
of the whole class taken, a set for all, and how
childish the pictures looked now, and how
everybody had changed, though it was but
six years ago, and that the teacher had
photographed—cheap, tawdry things they
were, but among them was one of a tall, fair
boy, with all the glow of class leadership in
his eye, and light hair curling around a bold
forehead, and under it, in round boyish script,
was the autograph, "Albert Merritt."

A pang shot through the father's heart,
and he longed for her to talk of his boy; but
she settled on about Tom and Jennie and
Mattie, and soon hastened home.
But the mother noticed that Helen "had
forgotten her pictures," and so they lay on
the looking glass stand for many a day,
where the father often saw the presentiment
of his boy, but he never touched it, and they
lay there till Helen came again.
This time she brought a "story paper" for
Mrs. Merritt, saying that the main story in
it had interested her very much; and after
she was gone William Merritt picked it up
and pished and pawed and ridiculed the
pictures, but he read the story. It was a
commonplace novelette of a son, who had fled
from a harsh father and enlisted in the Fed-
eral army, and who was sick almost unto
death in a southern hospital, and how in an
illum he babbed of home, and how a Sister
of Charity wrote to the father, who came
and patiently nursed his boy back to life and
love and forgiveness. A commonplace story
—one of ten thousand war stories of the time
—but the father's hand trembled as he read,
and he rushed to the field and drove his work
with unusual energy and shouted louder than
ever at his team, and at night was stern, and
silent and solemn to a degree that surprised
even his long suffering wife.

The other children would occasionally ven-
ture a reference to Albert, and now when
Helen came the father would blame the run-
away; but she only listened quietly and asked
if they had ever heard of him, and turned
the talk to their school days. And so two
years passed away and the third Christmas
came. In celebration of the day the Mer-
ritts were to be the guests of the Blakes, and
when they gathered in the big room of the
great farm house it happened that all the
young people present were of that last day
class at the head of which Albert Merritt had
stood. Of course Helen Blake never thought
of alluding to such a fact—"it just happened
so," her parents thought—but there were
plenty in a class of eight young people who
could talk as fast as they could think, and
usually did it, too. And so the conversation
rattled on about that glorious day, and the
father, whose heart was literally pounding
against his ribs, and whose internal strug-
gles were such that he could not tell whether
he was eating turkey or oak chips, talked
loudly and aggressively to those who sat
at the table, and quite overbore Mr. Blake
on politics, and finally offered to bet "the
pick of his horses again" a yearling calf that
his candidate for the presidency would have
500,000 majority over any man the other side
could put up next year.



JUMPED TO THE GROUND.
Now Helen was quite satisfied in her own
mind that the little surprise had done its
work, but that evening her brother brought
home the weekly mail, and in it, after all her
weary waiting, a little surprise for her. It
was a copy of The Tekeewah (Kan.) Bugle,
and great was the wonder in the family as to
the way and wherefore of its coming; and
Helen knew. There wasn't a mark of any
kind on the printed sheet, so she set herself
resolutely to read every line. Never had her
western publisher in the most heated cam-
paign a more devoted reader, and at last,
in a leaded article in the page headed
"Local Intelligence," she found a list of
members of a new fire company, and among
the names was "Albert Merritt." A writer
in the "County Correspondence" of the
next issue of The County Democrat told of
four fair ladies who charmed the audience



with their music" at a certain Christmas eve
church festival, and by request conveyed in
a note including the stamps, the publisher di-
rected a copy to "A. Merritt, Esq., Tekeewah,
Kan." And this sort of thing went on
for eight months more, and the golden au-
tumn set in and the country was most
magnificently stirred over the presidential elec-
tion, and the Blakes and the Merritts began
to look forward with strangely mingled feel-
ings to another Christmas.

William Merritt was the same and yet not
the same. His hair, which was just streaked
with gray when his son Albert had left him,
was now whitening visibly. His broad, burly
shoulders had begun to stoop. His hard
eyes had lost something of their steely and
occasionally there were lines denoting
mental pain visible in his austere counte-
nance. His voice, too, sometimes quavered
in a way that astonished no one more than
himself. And one day just after the sorrel
colt—a wild, vicious beast, he was breaking to
the saddle—had almost thrown him on the
way to town, he had caught himself audibly
wishing that Albert, who must be a full
grown, strong man by this time, were there to
help subjugate the animal.



And so when Helen next paid the Merritt
homestead a visit she found the fortress of the
old man's heart ready to yield. She had the
day before received a copy of The Tekeewah
Bugle, in which she found the following para-
graph half way down a crudely written
account of a fire in that enterprising town:
"We should utterly fail in our duty to our
readers if we omitted to take more than pass-
ing note of the heroic conduct of one of our
young townsmen, a prominent and efficient
member of Avalanche Engine company No.
1. Of course we refer to Mr. Albert Merritt,
than whom a braver man never drew breath.
No sooner had it become known that a child
was in the burning building than, at the risk
of his own life, Mr. Merritt rushed into the
smoke and flames, dashed up the stairs almost
at a bound, and, groping about in the stifling
heat, found the infant, fought his way through
the fire to the window, for by this time the
stairway was burning, and jumped to the
ground with his precious burden safe on his
arms. He was greeted with such a cheer as
only Tekeewah throats can give. We regret
to be obliged to add that Mr. Merritt suffered a
painful, though not necessarily dangerous,
injury in the breaking of an arm, which was
struck by a falling timber. He was also
rather severely burned. It is hoped, how-
ever, that he will soon be himself again."

This paper Helen brought with her but
carefully hidden. She had determined, if
need be, to show it to the stern father, but
she proposed to hold it for the last resort.
But her manner (for, though ordinarily calm,
she was now much excited) betrayed her,
and as soon as William Merritt looked into
her face he knew that she knew something of
Albert; and her unwonted agitation, as he
gazed fixedly at her, convinced him that
something was amiss with his son. Mrs.
Merritt was about to speak when her hus-
band interrupted her in strained, quivering
tones:
"Helen Blake," he said, "is Albert dead?
Tell me the truth!"
There was a world of paternal love in the
old man's voice now. For a moment Helen
said nothing, for she felt that were she to
speak she would instantly and completely
lose her self control. So with a deprecating
gesture and a white face she walked to the
window to compose herself, while the father
and mother waited in suspense. After a lit-
tle she turned again to them, and, with a re-
assuring look toward Mrs. Blake, who sat
with clasped hands and parted lips, she took
the paper from her pocket.
"I would like to read to you an article from
The Tekeewah (Kansas) Bugle," she said, in
as steady a voice as she could command. And
then she read the account of the fire, from
headlines to dash, without a break, and with-
out looking up. When she had done she
raised her eyes. Mrs. Blake was crying qui-
etly and the old man was quite broken down.
"Helen," he said, reaching out both hands
to the girl, "it's no use. I can't be a hard-
ened old fool no longer. Can't we get Albert
back here with us? Hadn't I better go out to

Kansas and get him? Poor boy, may be he's
hurt worse than I say." And then the old
man let the tears flow uncontrolled.

That night a letter was mailed to Tekeewah,
Kan. It was written by Helen, though
unsigned, and here is a copy:

Mr. Albert Merritt:
The account of the recent fire in Tekeewah and
the bravery displayed by yourself on that oc-
casion has worked a great change of opinion in
certain quarters, a change which would have
come soon, however, in the natural course of
things. Your father is very much broken and
anxious to see you. A Father

When Albert Merritt received this letter he
was convalescent, lying on the bed of the
best room in the Tekeewah tavern, while Sam
McCorkle was standing in the center of the
floor telling some admiring friends for the
thirtieth time how "my pard here saved
that gal baby." "I tell you," he said, "it
takes the boys from old Indiana to do things.
Now, I find out one time before I come west
of how little Jimmy Jones fell into the river,"
"I jumped right in without stopping to
pull a bit!"—And then he related of a
wholly imaginary yarn of his own bravery,
while Albert smiled and the rest listened open-
mouthed. When Albert had read his letter
he said, quietly:
"I'm going home for Christmas. I
shall start as soon as I can do so safely."
Sam was astounded, but he did not remon-
strate, and finally concluded to go, too, "just
to take care of Al," he explained to the boys.
But secretly he was glad of the excuse.

The next issue of The Tekeewah Bugle con-
tained this paragraph:
"Our well known townsman, Mr. Albert
Merritt, is about to visit his old home in In-
diana, where he will probably spend the holi-
days. He is very nearly well of the injuries
sustained at the recent fire. He will be ac-
companied by his fast friend, Mr. Sam Mc-
Corkle, the well known lightning rod agent."

The stage was due to pass William Merritt's
house at 4:30 o'clock on Christmas eve, but
the roads were bad and it was quite dark
when, with a sweeping curve, it swerved to
the side of the pole and stopped in front of
the house, in the open front doorway of which,
in strong silhouette against the flood of light
within, stood the burly form of William
Merritt, his hands outstretched with trem-
bling hopefulness.

"Come along, Sam," said one of the young
men who dismounted from the back seat of
the high stage, "I need you yet!"
"Yes," said Sam, in quick recognition, wel-
come and forgiveness were all blended from
the figure in the doorway, and an answer
from the taller of the travelers, who still car-
ried one arm in a sling. And a moment later
William Merritt led this one into his house.

"Mother," he said, "our boy has come
back."
In the ecstatic joy of meeting his mother,
Albert had forgotten Sam McCorkle, and
when he looked for him that individual had
disappeared. As he afterward explained, he
"didn't feel like he was any use when folks
was all a-cryin' and a-weepin' and fallin' on
each other's necks, so he just slipped."

But Albert did not look for Sam very long.
He had come to tell of his new life in the
west, where he had been fairly successful, and
his father and mother and brothers and sis-
ters had quite as much to tell him.

THEIR WAS A CRY.
The next day there was such a Christmas
gathering at William Merritt's house as had
never been there before. Such roasts turkey
with cranberry sauce, and such juicy mince
pies, and such neatly potatoes, and such beans,
white home made bread, and such good things
to eat generally as they who sat down at the
dinner table partook of have never been ex-
celled. All the Blakes were there, and so
were all the members of that class of eight,
whose photographs were the first weapon
Helen had employed in storming William
Merritt's flinty old heart.

And Sam McCorkle, too, the drunken shoe-
maker's son, full of far western dash and his-
torian of the time "Al rescued the baby,"
He was "Mr. McCorkle," an honored guest,

and no one received greater respect than he.
But he did not rise to the height of his glory
ill evening, for at the dinner table Albert
would not suffer his own praises to be sung
in too high a key. But when Albert, seem-
ing to have something particular to say to
Helen, whose great, brown eyes sparkled won-
derfully and whose cheeks reddened in
blushing fury, led her away with him
into a quiet corner and left the field to Sam,
that individual chanted his hero's deeds to
his heart's content and everybody else's de-
light, though he did not slip the opportu-
nities to tell of some things he had himself
accomplished in the west.

The close of this wondrous history may be
clipped from The Tekeewah Bugle of March
15, 1900:

"Mr. Samuel McCorkle, the gentlemanly
and enterprising agent for Flash & Hittens
justly celebrated lightning rods, has returned
from Indiana healthy and happy. His friend
and former townsman, Mr. Albert Mer-
ritt, has concluded to remain east, where he
will settle down upon his father's extensive
farm. A little bird has whispered that the
blind god had something to do with Mr.
Merritt's decision to forego a share in the
golden future sure to come to Tekeewah.
Those who are curious in this matter are di-
rected to the notice in the marriage column
on another page headed 'Merritt-Blake.'"
HENRY DAWSON.

A HUMBLE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

There was not very much on the table—in
fact, it wasn't very much of a table, being
made of a dry goods box stood on its side.
The room belonged to the grocer, but he had
told them they could have the use of it for
Christmas night. In the corner there was a
little, cracked stool, which was so hot that it
shone like a big lump of Christmas cheer in
the semi-darkness.

Pretty soon "Swipesy" came in out of the
door of the city street. He had a few unsold
papers under one arm and a small—very
small—bundle under the other. With him
was his sister Suze. They were orphans try-
ing to make their own way. She had had
good luck and had sold all her papers. She
took what was left of Swipesy's stock and
spread a nice clean paper over the dry goods
box. Then he untied his bundle.

"Oh, Swipesy!" said the girl.
There was a can of cooked corn beef and a
little box of figs.
Pretty soon the others began to come in.
There was "Mickey" with a little packet of
coffee, some sugar, and (what luck!) some
cabbage that the apple woman on the corner
had cooked and given him with butter in
her honest, Irish way when he told her about
the dinner.

"It ain't much, Mickey," she said, "but
may be the good saints make it taste as relishin'
as if 'twas as big as a barn and cooked in a
gold skillet."

There were five charter members of the
dinner party, so to speak. "Rocky" was
named from his manner of defending himself
in his frequent "scrapes" against the room
next. He too had a little bundle which was
undone with due ceremony. When "Piper"
came in he stopped a minute just inside the
threshold, and held the door open while he
beckoned to some one on the outside.

"Omon in," said he. "The fellers 'll be
glad to see you."
Then there entered a little fellow not more
than six years old. He was very much em-
barrassed, and held his finger to his lips.
Piper, by way of introduction, said:
"Fellers—and Suze—this 'ere little cove"
(Piper himself was a big cove, having seen
thirteen years, and being the oldest member
of the dinner party) "is comin' to our Chris-
mas 'olice, 's he's got some of the paper sent
him, an' he ain't got no boodle. I'm takin'
care of him till he gets started. See?"

For a minute an embarrassed silence hung
over the little group. Then the little fellow
opened his hearts to the newcomers (and
they were big hearts for such very small
bodies), and he was one of the dinner party.

Piper explained to him: "No fellers and
Suze had heard a lot 'bout Christmas. We
don't know 'zactly what it is, but we do know
that everybody, wot is anybody, has a Chris-
mas dinner. So we jes' chipped in, and—"
(waving his hand around the room)
"here 'y are."

"But I ain't chipped in," said the new-
comer.
"Well, wot if 'y ain't? 'Y can nex' time."
So that was settled.
Suze in the meantime had produced a pail
from somewhere, and an old stew pan from
somewhere else, and some broken crockery
from still another place.

"You'll make the coffee and warm the
cabbage and meat, darlint," said Mickey.
"Yez are the only woman here."
So Suze went at it.
In want of anything before everything was
ready, and they gathered around the box.
The savory odor from the coffee pot and
stew pan had tickled the twelve little nostrils,
and the six mouths were as eager to taste the
poor little dinner as ever yours was to pick
your succulent Christmas turkey bones.

They fell to at once.
"I'm 'fraid the coffee ain't very good," said
Suze. But she smiled the satisfied smile that
every housewife smiles while darning her
own dainties, and was as pleased as you over
your, my fine lady, in similar circumstances,
when Rocks exclaimed in answer:
"Finner's Delmonico's, I'll bet."

Before very long the dinner had been
eaten. They sat around and talked for
awhile, and the little 6-year-old fellow
went from the mouths of every one but the
6-year-old, and he smiled in his sleep.
The dinner party was over. D. E. M.

The Drumstick.
Behold my round wad of meat,
With all its juices, rich and sweet;
How firm, how solid, are my parts,
And how I go straight to the hearts
Of children, with distended jaws,
It waits to hide me in their maws.

A CHRISTMAS SERENADE.



Christmas Trees.
It may seem surprising, but it is neverthe-
less true, that the cutting of evergreens for
Christmas trees is doing serious damage to
the forests in some sections. This wholesale
destruction of valuable young trees is becom-
ing painfully apparent in the gradual wiping
out of woodland in some of the most picture-
esque portions of the Catskill and Adirondack
mountains, and many of the trout
streams are drying up. Even small forests
help to serve as reservoirs to water, for un-
der the trees the ground is apt to be less
spongy, thereby retaining for a time water
from rainfalls, and later on allowing it to es-
cape in tiny rivulets as feeders to brooks, big
and small.



Confidence.
"Well, wot if 'y ain't? 'Y can nex' time."
So that was settled.
Suze in the meantime had produced a pail
from somewhere, and an old stew pan from
somewhere else, and some broken crockery
from still another place.



An Awful Possibility.
Little Emma—Mover, wot we see Tris
Tingo agin afore nex' Tris'mas!
"No, dear."
"Umbs. Mobby he might die sick and dis-
fore neen, an' nen we'd be in a bad fix."
Kentucky State Journal.

Would Catch Up.
Customer (in restaurant)—You may bring
me for my Christmas dinner, waiter, a nice
cut of turkey, to be followed by a piece of
mince pie.
Waiter—Yessir. Will you have cheese
also, sir?
Customer—Yes; you can let the cheese fol-
low the pie.

FIFTY-CENT COLUMN.

All classes of legitimate advertisements
not exceeding six lines, inserted in this col-
umn at 50 Cents per Week.

Dress Making.
Mrs. M. E. Burton, fashionable dressmaker, is
prepared to do all kinds of dressmaking and sew-
ing in the latest styles. Ladies should give her a
call. One door west of the Journal office.
dec21st.

Pianos! Pianos! Pianos!!
Call on W. N. Knox if you are in want of a first-
class piano. He can furnish you with any of the
following manufactures: Knabe, Yase & Sons,
Eskey, Steinway, Chickering & Sons, Ivers & Pond.
Call and learn the prices. W. N. KNOX.

Tom Johnny's Baptism.
When I was a little boy
And times were bright and sunny,
My mother, mother sprinkled me
And named me Tom, Johnny.

Ready for the voyage your vessel she said,
But trust in him my dear,
The builder of thy ship,
And naught thou needs to fear.

The foaming waves, will soon be calm
And thou wilt reach the go d an land,
His who lights the sparkling stars
And creates the mortal man. —G. K.

To Stockmen and Others.
J. Westlake makes to order men's heavy French
hip shoes, full stitch, for \$5. Try a pair. Re-
pairing cheap and prompt. Opposite the Post
office.

To Rent Cheap.
A suite of finely furnished rooms at the residence
of Mrs. Urilla Thomas, west Third street. En-
quire of F. H. HILMAN, P. O. Box 294.

For Rent.
A hard-finished house of five rooms, on the South
side of the river. Rent \$27, including water. Ap-
ply at this office. c10

Verdi Rent and Shoe Shop.
P. J. Nigle, manufacturer of fine boots and
shoes, has opened a branch shop at Verdi. Re-
pairing neatly done. All kinds of work made to order
at bedrock prices. Give him a call. oct21st

We Lead the World.
Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machine was awarded
the highest grand prize at the Paris Exposition in
1889. L. R. Asbell, Nevada agent, office at Need-
ham's furniture store. new1st

For Rent or Sale on Installments.
White's Sewing Machine, \$12.50 to \$30; High
Arm Singers, \$25 to \$35; Low Arm Singers, \$5 to
\$20; St. John, \$10 to \$15; West, \$5 to \$10;
Florence, \$5. Sewing machines repaired.
L. R. ASBELL, At Needham's furniture store.
dec1st

A School Boy or Girl.
Can find a good home and board by addressing P.
O. Box 288, object, companionship. d6

Wanted.
Customers for seashore jackets, Mojave, cloth
cloaks and jackets at very low prices at
FARMER'S
Of the Nevada Dry Goods and Carpet Store.

First Annual Ball!
—OF—
Minnehaha Tribe, No. 3.

IMP. O. R. M.,
CHRISTMAS NIGHT,
December 25, 1899.

IN THE PAVILION
Committee of Arrangements.

S. W. Peck, F. C. Updike,
F. W. Hagerman.

Reception Committee.
W. Hastings, B. Peck,
W. H. Helman, R. V. Borden,
J. C. Richardson, C. L. Taylor.

Invitation Committee.
Members of Minnehaha Tribe.

Floor Director — P. E. Mulachy.

Floor Managers.
R. C. Le-pur, J. E. Bradshaw,
F. W. Hagerman, W. H. Danahy,
J. W. Carroll, Jas. Stanaway.

THE BEST OF MUSIC.
Admission Gentlemen and Ladies, 50.

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL

C. C. POWING Editor and Proprietor.

THE BREAKING OF AN ANCIENT MIRROR.

Discovery of a Deed to Property Worth Millions—Another Popular Superstition Shattered.

New York, Dec. 23.—Charles Roll, of Newark, accidentally broke in old mirror four weeks ago. It had been given to him years ago by his grandfather. The glass was shattered to atoms and an old age-yellowed piece of parchment was disclosed to view for the first time in a century and more, as was proved by the nature of the document. For seventy-five years Roll and his relatives have been endeavoring to gain evidence with which they could lay claim to a wide stretch of land in the Mohawk valley, along the banks of the Mohawk river.

Roll knew perfectly well that his Holland Dutch ancestor, Jacob Roll, had owned a large tract of land there which had been abandoned during the French and Indian wars, but he never found any papers by which he could fix the position of the land. The document which dropped from the mirror back four weeks ago was the important missing proof that the heirs of Jacob Roll, of whom there are 150, have long been seeking. Having found it they will press their claim to the property near Schoenestady, N. Y., valued at \$6,000,000.

The piece of faded parchment was a deed from the Indians to Jacob Roll, giving Roll a clear title to a tract of land four miles in length, along the Mohawk river, beginning in the city of Schoenestady and running back from the river nine miles. The whole town of Amsterdam is believed to be included in the Indian deed, as are also valuable properties of the New York Central Railroad.

STANLEY HAS COME!

The Hero of Africa—A New Book of His Wonderful Adventures.

Henry M. Stanley stands now as the greatest explorer and adventurer the world has known. He is the hero of the most remarkable discoveries in all the records of daring and exploration.

Emin Pasha was wandering somewhere in the tropical wilderness, and struggling to hold the country of which he was ruler. Stanley hastens to his rescue. He vanishes from the sight of the civilized world; months and seasons pass, and still no news from Stanley.

After untold privations and amazing triumphs, he emerges from the wilds of the Dark Continent, accompanied by Emin Pasha. In his last great triumph he has put the climax upon all his previous explorations and victories.

His adventures and discoveries have been grand, wonderful and marvelous. The full and authentic accounts will be related in the new genuine Stanley book, from his first entrance into Africa, and richly illustrated with over 400 of the grandest and most wonderful new engravings and colored plates ever seen in a book of travels. The History company, 723 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., are the publishers. The book will be sold by subscription only. Agents are wanted to sell the book, to whom most liberal inducements will be offered on application. We call attention to the advertisement in another column.

Battles and Leaders.

This is a complete and valuable popular history of the Civil War, in contributing the matter for which all the great leaders on both sides have participated, as is indicated by its most attractive title, "Battles and Leaders." This work is certainly the consummation of the book-maker's high art, and is the Century Co.'s choicest style. A great service has been done the soldiers of the armies of the world by the publication of these records of the greatest of wars.

Comprising as it does the story of the war from the pens of the brilliant array of generals who were most active in the struggle, it will be a history of inestimable standard value and authenticity to distant future generations it is to the present. Besides the war proper, by land and sea, it treats of diplomacy, finance, sketches of different phases of army life, and contains important papers relating to the branches of military service, and has about 1,700 artistically and skillfully executed illustrations. Although issued in four elegant volumes, comprising 3,100 pages, it is easily obtainable, being sold on the most favorable accommodation payments, the whole set being delivered at first. Those in search of lucrative and pleasant employment cannot do better than communicate in regard to selling this admirable work, with the J. Dewing Company, 813 Market street, San Francisco.

The Secretary of War has issued the following general order: On frontier and campaign service officers may wear the soldier's overcoat with the insignia of rank on the sleeve. Officers and enlisted men will also be permitted to wear rubber ponchos and blankets, or waterproof overcoats when necessary in the field, on fatigue, and other duty involving exposure to rainy or other inclement weather.

Mrs. Harrison has been deluged with advice and admonitions since the published statement that she prepared a whisky punch and dealt it out to the Pan-American delegates a couple of months ago. Of course the punch story had no foundation, but the fact does not prevent the receipt of letters from temperance fanatics on the subject.

A friend of Samuel J. Randall says he may live to take his seat in the House once more, but it is doubtful.

Senator Stanford has made his customary Christmas present of \$5 apiece to the Senate pages.

Excellent, reliable and economical are the stores and ranges sold by Lange & Schmitt. Every house and store should have them. Call and inspect before purchasing.

CHANCE FOR A SEALSKIN.

VERY UNPLEASANT CHRISTMAS STORY FROM A PENNSYLVANIA TOWN.

An Enormous Rainfall in Various Towns of Southern California.

Four Men Drowned in San Francisco Bay.

Special to the Journal.

VALLEJO, Cal., Dec. 24.—A boat containing eight sailors from the United States Fish Commission steamer, Albatross, and a couple of newboys, left the Albatross at Mare Island Navy Yard last night and started for Vallejo. The night was dark and the tide running strong, and the boat was upset when near the United States steamer Thetis. A boat was lowered from the Thetis and five men were rescued. John Thornt, a sailor who was on the Trenton at Samoa; Robert Padgett, a machinist; W. W. Lee (colored), and a newboy were drowned. None of the bodies were recovered.

Enright was a magnificent swimmer and held Government medals for heroism in saving a number of persons from drowning. Lawrence O'Donnell tore all his clothes off and was picked up naked, but alive. Yoman Perkins saved himself by clinging to the boat. All were off on leave of absence over the holidays.

Alaska Fur Business.

Special to the Journal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24.—Secretary Windom this afternoon prepared an advertisement inviting proposals up to noon of the 23d day of January, 1890, for the exclusive right of catching seals in Alaska. The successful bidder will be required to provide a suitable building for a public school on each island, and pay the expenses for maintaining such schools during a period of not less than eight months each year, and also to pay the inhabitants of the islands for any labor performed by them. The successful bidder will be permitted to catch 60,000 seals during the first year, but after that the Secretary will fix the number.

Still Flooded.

Special to the Journal.

COLUMBIA, Cal., Dec. 24.—Information has been received that the levees which inclose the lands of L. R. Poundstone and A. H. Rose broke Sunday, inundating nearly all of district 108. District 70, Sutter county, is still under water. A great many hogs have been drowned. W. S. Wilson, living six miles below Columbia, has lost 100 head of stock by the animals miring in quicksand.

An Unpleasant Christmas Tale.

Special to the Journal.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 24.—This evening a family of eight persons, consisting of mother and father and six children, were discovered in a starving condition near Moyer, and were brought here to be taken to the county home. The parents had been taken ill from fever, and as they lived in an isolated place, the children could procure no aid. The family has reached such a stage that it is thought none can recover.

The Influenza.

Special to the Journal.

PARIS, Dec. 24.—The epidemic of influenza still rages. Reports from Berlin are to the effect that there is no abatement there. In Brunswick it has assumed a malignant type, and there have been many deaths at Frankfurt. Trampwags have ceased operations because the employees are all ill. It is very serious in the barracks at Brussels and half of the carabinieri of Corps des Guides are ill.

Los Angeles' Lovely Climate.

Special to the Journal.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 24.—The rain is coming down in torrents to-night. Up to 5 P. M. the downfall for the twenty-four hours was 1.10 inches. During three hours to-night probably two inches more fell, the torrent at times being almost like a cloud-burst. The Los Angeles river has risen twenty inches since 5 o'clock, and is still rising. The train from Pasadena is off the track on the railway bridge just beyond the depot and unable to get into the city.

A Disastrous Cave.

Special to the Journal.

SAN ANTONIO, Cal., Dec. 24.—Information reached here this afternoon that the surface of the mine at Angel Camp, in which the disaster occurred Sunday, has caved down to a depth of forty feet. The cave extends along the vein, from the north shaft to the south shaft, of a width of thirty feet. This makes it necessary to stop all work of recovering bodies. There is little doubt that the 'hot-plant' will be drawn into the mine.

Killed by the Cars.

Special to the Journal.

DIXON, Cal., Dec. 24.—Train No. 11 killed a man supposed to be George W. Core, a deaf and dumb person, half a mile below Davis today. The man attempted to cross the track, not observing the train behind him, and was struck down.

Killed His Man.

Special to the Journal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—A Chronicle special from Winslow, Arizona, says Asa Upton was shot and killed this morning, at Sunset Pass, by Deputy Sheriff John Francis, while resisting arrest on a charge of horse stealing.

\$500 Reward Won.

Special to the Journal.

LEWISBURG, Cal., Dec. 24.—Domenico Bageluppi, who is charged with poisoning his wife last September, and for whose capture a reward of \$500 is offered, was arrested here to-night and turned over to the Sheriff of Amador county.

THE UNION PACIFIC.

President Adams Sets to Rest Many Construction Rumors.

Special to the Journal.

BOSTON, Dec. 24.—President Adams, of Union Pacific, in an interview to-day, said: "The Short Line is now through its trials and experimental stages, and enters on a field of great promise. It will not move rapidly in the way of new construction. The Union Pacific does not propose, just at present, to try to cover the earth. The entire Union Pacific system will only build 100 miles of additional road next year, 145 miles on the Oregon Short Line system to Pioche, where the line will rest for the present, thirty-five miles to connect the Cheyenne and Northern with the Elkhorn division of the Chicago and North-western system, and twenty miles to make some connections in Kansas. All the stories now current as to the plans of extension and purchases of the Union Pacific on the Pacific Slope are absolutely without basis of any description."

President Adams also said: "The Oregon Short Line will lose half a million this year through the Oregon Northern, but will nevertheless earn a surplus over all interest charges. Senator Frye, of the Senate Committee, investigating the Pacific roads, recently asked us for statistics as to the benefit to the Union Pacific of its branch line system. We took the figures of the largest branch system, and was astonished to find that the net amount earned by the Union Pacific on the traffic interchanged with the Oregon Short Line and Utah Northern Line was \$2,500,000. In other words, the Union Pacific would not to-day be earning any surplus over its interest charges but for the business done with the Oregon Short Line system."

Chamber of Commerce Resolutions.

Special to the Journal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—A special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held this afternoon. Resolutions were adopted lamenting the death of Captain John H. Freeman and Frederick R. Cotton, in the hold of the British ship Durham last Friday. Deceased were members of the Chamber.

Memorials to Congress were presented, urging immediate appropriations for systematic improvement of the Sacramento river and consolidation of the United States revenue marine with the United States navy.

In another memorial the Interstate Commerce Commission was asked to consider what the Chamber of Commerce thinks is a violation of the long and short haul section in the railroad law. It is so set forth that tea can be shipped from Japan or China by any transcontinental point by steamer and rail for 1½ cents per pound, while it costs 3 cents per pound to ship tea from San Francisco to Eastern points, and as a consequence, while this port should be the main distributing point of Japan and China products, the railroad charges make it otherwise.

The Chamber also decided to call the subject of Alaskan survey to the attention of Congress and to point out the fact that in many localities where the salmon business is carried on in Alaskan waters no survey has ever been made.

Another Drowning Affair.

Special to the Journal.

PORTLAND, Or., Dec. 24.—A Yaquina City, Oregon, dispatch to the Oregonian says: The steam schooner Farallone, commanded by Captain Bonfield, after being towed across the bar to-day by the tug Resolute was struck by a swell, carrying overboard Chief Engineer Pugsley, a cabin boy and three sailors named Frank Johnson, Chas. Dickenson and William Brown. The sailors drowned before assistance could reach them. They were all young men and natives of Sweden.

Southern California Rain.

Special to the Journal.

VENTURA, Dec. 24.—Over four inches of rain has fallen in the last two days. No train from Los Angeles to-day. The tracks are badly washed between here and that point. It is still raining to-night.

Advice to Mothers.

Special to the Journal.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Feb. 21-awly.

Notice.

On and after July 19, 1889, George Becker, proprietor of the Reno Soda and Bottling works, will deliver in Reno:

Soda, cream and lemon, per doz. \$ 50
Sarsaparilla, per doz. 50
Ginger ale, per doz. 75
Sarsaparilla and Iron, per doz. 75
Peach bottled beer, per case, 3 50
Frederick's San Jose beer, per case 3 50

When Baby was Sick.

We gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child,
She cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss,
She clung to Castoria.
When she had Children,
She gave them Castoria.

WHAT ON EARTH

is the reason people will not, can not or do not see any difference in cheap nostrums put up by cheap John houses or irresponsible parties at enormous prices, rather than take a medicine of world wide reputation and one that is giving universal satisfaction at a price? No medicine in the world is giving such universal satisfaction for purifying the blood as BREGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER AND BLOOD MAKER, and a very few that do not cost us a cent more than nothing. OSBURN & SMOKE, Druggists.

The "Weekly Journal."

On and after January 1, 1890, the price of the WEEKLY JOURNAL will only be \$2 per year, making it the best and cheapest weekly paper in the State.

A special from Washington to the New York Commercial Advertiser says ex-Speaker Randall's real malady is cancer, and he is seriously sick. The end, it is feared, is near.

NEW TO-DAY.

The Wine House Entertainment.
Spirto & Gregory, of the Wine House propose to out-do themselves to-day. They will set out roast pig and egg nog to the hungry and thirsty way-farer and will make it very pleasant for all who call upon them. Go there and eat, drink and be merry and enjoy yourself.

STANLEY IS BACK!
AND HAS ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD

By the announcement of his safe return to civilization. His adventures and discoveries have been grand, wonderful, marvelous. The world has seen nothing like them before. His thrilling adventures, marvelous discoveries, daring exploits, also adding privations, wonderful trips across the Dark Continent. How he found Emin Pasha—Everything will be included from his first entrance into Africa to the present time. Everybody wants the new

GENUINE STANLEY BOOK!

From Stanley's own writings and dispatches. Over 400 of the grandest and most wonderful new engravings and colored plates ever seen in a book of travels. It has been eagerly awaited, and will be more sought after, make more money for its agent and make it easier than any book issued for the past fifty years.

CAUTION! Old and unreliable accounts of Stanley's travels are being published. Do not be deceived by old books, re-hashes and battered plates. We announce this to protect our agents and the public against the numerous (worthless) so-called Stanley books—all of which are simply old books that have been in use for years, and are now being offered as new books, with a few pages of new matter added.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Teachers, Young Men and Ladies, Ministers, Farmers, Mechanics and Clerks can easily make from \$5 to \$25 per day. No experience required. Canvassing outfits now ready. Send immediately for illustrated circulars and terms free, or to secure an agency at once, send \$1.00 for the outfit and you shall be served first. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Address

THE HISTORY CO.,

735 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

1890.—1890.—1890.—1890.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN SUNDERLAND.

A Large and Elegant Line of FALL and WINTER CLOTHING AND Gent's Furnishing Goods

Is Now on Hand and Ready for Inspection.



IF YOU WANT A GOOD SUIT OF GENTS', BOYS' or Youths' Clothing, something that will wear well and be good value for your money go to

John Sunderland's

And be convinced that you can get more real value for your money than you can get in any other house in the State. The stock consists of

Men's fine Prince Alberts, Three-button Outwairs, Fine Frocks, Sacks, Chincheils Coats and Vests, and Men's, Youths' and Boys' Overcoats. In Underwear I have the best and finest brands in the country. A full line of the California Hosiery Co.'s goods. Marysville and Oregon Flannels, Silk and Vienna Underwear, Silk Shirts in Stripes and Plaids, handsome designs. Cuffs, Collars and the finest assortment of fine neck wear that has ever been exposed for sale; also Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. Gloves in all grades and styles, lined and unlined. The largest and Finest Assortment of Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Of all Grades and Prices. Buy your Clothing, Boots and Shoes at Sunderland's and get the

Most Value for the Least Money.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

HATS AND CAPS.

Agent for J. B. Stetson & Co.'s Fine Hats.

SILK HATS A SPECIALTY.

JOHN SUNDERLAND,

20 and 31 Virginia St., Reno, Nev.

NABBY'S BAZAAR.

COME BEFORE THE RUSH!

NABBY'S BAZAAR,

RENO, NEVADA.

Ready for Christmas

With a Full and Complete Stock of

Bound Books, Plush and Leather Goods, —OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.—

Fine Albums, Writing Desks, Elegant Stationery, Chatelaine Bags, Picture Frames, Bronzes, Etc., Etc.

R. HERZ'S HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

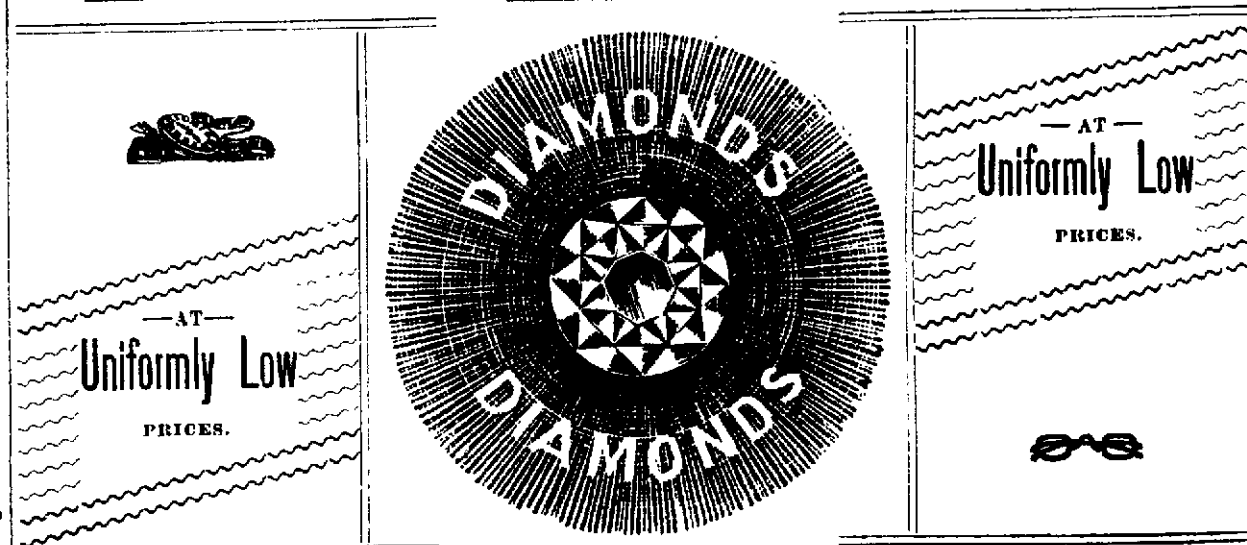
HOLIDAY GIFTS!

AT R. HERZ'S,

The Reno Jeweler!

The Reno Jeweler!

Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Novelties, Etc.



OUR LATE

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
12 CENTS PER WEEK.

BREVITIES.

Luke sold all his cutters.
Now take your best girl out sleigh riding.
No Journal will be issued to-morrow morning.

Charley Derby and wife came down from the Comstock last night.

A merry Christmas to you and yours, and may you all live long and prosper.

Mamie Michelson, of Virginia, is down on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Dr. Bergetein.

This is rough weather for sheep and cattle on the range, and particularly the sheep.

A snowball broke one of the show windows in Hodgkinson's drug store yesterday.

The employees of W. O. H. Martin presented him with an elegant cutter for a Christmas present.

Up to yesterday 260 inches of snow had fallen at the Summit, as against 37 inches at the same date last season.

Constable Upson announces that he will arrest all boys who engage in snowballing persons in teams, or peaceful pedestrians.

The five children of ex-Senator Gabriel Cohn are up from San Francisco, spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. White, at the Palace.

There was but little snow falling this morning when the JOURNAL went to press, and Christmas Day may be clear, cold and pleasant after all.

Sleighs will call for all who desire to attend the Red Men's dance to-night free of charge. Leave your name at S. J. Hodgkinson's drug store.

The Lakeview (Oregon) Examiner remarks:

The WEEKLY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL has become a most-treasured paper, well filled with good reading matter.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining undeciphered in the Reno, Nevada, Postoffice, December 23, 1899.

Anderson, James A. Souza, Manuel Brenner, Robert Sivas, M. Crotty, John Stewart, Fred Cantrill, Thomas Stone, Harry Daly, John W. Sexton, Mr. Dalton, George Miller, Hugh O'Neill, W. T. Peterson, Miss Hilma Dercini, F. Peters, Edna Gaus, Dan Grossman, Aaron Hiltner, Charles Hale, Charles Hoffmann, George Hillard, S. J. H. F. Johnson, John Kerth, K. G. Koles, Joseph Kirshens, John J. C. Hageman, Postmaster.

Christmas Chimes.

Do not make Christmas a day of balancing accounts of gifts.

Santa Claus comes down the chimney when he knuckles the fire.

Christmas is the day when children get up without being called.

Better is a little gift where love is than a necklace of diamonds for appearance's sake.

The most approved invitation etiquette for a Christmas dinner is that prescribed in Luke xiv., 12-14.

Give your wife something for herself—not a piece of furniture or an article for family use. Ditto as to your husband.

How much brighter the fires on our own Christmas hearths will look when we know that we have been the means of brightening a fire that had grown dim on some other hearthstone.—Good Housekeeping.

School for Girls—Rolls of Honor and Merit.

Reno, Nevada, Dec., 1899.

To be found on the roll of honor a pupil must attain 95 per cent in each item of report. The following young ladies have attained this distinction, their averages reaching a higher per cent: Miss Mary Lucas 98.5, Miss Olive Johnson 98. To be on the roll of merit a pupil must attain 90 per cent in each item of report. The following ladies have attained this distinction, their averages reaching a higher per cent: Miss Lottie Lucas 97.11, Miss Ruth Russell 96.6, Miss Iva Rowland 96.2, Miss Gertrude Hillman 95.5, J. McQuay, Principal.

Roll of honor in music for month ending December 24, 1899: Olive Johnson, Iva Rowland, Mamie Wells, Nellie Ashby, Mamie Rule, Vesta Rice, Freddie Lard, Helen Durant. Eva Quattrone, Principal.

The Red Men's Ball To-night.

This is just the kind of weather for dancing, and the attendance at the first annual ball to be given in the Pavilion to-night by Mincehaha tribe, Imp. O. R. M., will undoubtedly be very large. The committee having the matter in charge have made all arrangements possible for the comfort of those who attend, even to the securing of sleighs to carry all who will take the trouble to leave their names at the drug store of S. J. Hodgkinson, give the hour they wish to go and their place of residence, free of charge. Everybody should not name the same hour. Attend the party to-night and make Christmas nights merry, and the Red Men's dance a success.

A Double Sheet.

The Gazette presented a double sheet to its patrons for Christmas. It made a special feature of Reno's schools, and some of its business men, and with the aid of some of the JOURNAL's public building out is used a very creditable Christmas number. The Gazette is a hard worker for this section, and well deserves the patronage of the public.

Christmas Trees.

At the Methodist, Congregational and Episcopal Churches last evening were the customary Christmas trees, laden with presents for the Sunday School scholars, and given out with appropriate exercises. The blinding snowstorm prevented as large an attendance as usual.

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RENO PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Report for the Month Ending December 26, 1899, by Orvis King, Principal.

NAME OF TEACHERS	DEPARTMENTS	No. of Pupils	Total	Average	Roll of Honor
Mrs. Mary A. Doren	High School	13	44	4.3	100, Mabel Stanway 100, Mamie Bell 100, Josie Blom 97.5, Hattie Sharp 97.3, Lottie Armstrong 97, Gertrude Kline 96.7, Mary Steele 95.5, Roy Reese 96, Arthur Brandon 96, Julia Clow 96, Charles Browne 96, Wilson Ayer 95.2, Rosie Griffin 95.2, Lulu Blum 95, Kate Moore 98.4, Bessie Doren 99.8, Minnie Berry 98.8, Cora Shaft 96.9, Mamie Bates 98, Grace Haydon 98.2, Mary Griffin 98.9.
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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil. For Colic or Nervous Stomach. Children cry for Castoria. Mothers of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep, also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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The Pioneer of Pioneers, opens a stock this Fall

NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED

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I CAN FIT YOU WITH ANYTHING YOU WANT from a pair of cheap socks to the finest suit of clothes manufactured, at prices that defy competition.

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RENO'S LEADING HOTEL

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APPLE BOXES A SPECIALTY.

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I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT of double and single Carriages, Buggies and Phaetons ever brought to this market.

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A Fine Assortment of

FRAZER CARTS AND BUGGIES.

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Will practice in all the Courts of Nevada and California

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GENERAL LAND AGENT. Mines laid out and surveyed for patent. Lands surveyed. Applications, Contracts, Payments on land, and all matters pertaining to taking up and holding land of the State or Government attended. Shall keep fully posted as to all lands taken and vacant in the Eastern part of the State.

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Manufacture and have constantly on hand

SPORTING,

MINING,

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POWDER,

A superior quality, fresh from the mills. It is being constantly received and transported into the interior, is delivered to the consumer within a few days of the time of its manufacture, and is in every way

Superior to Any Other Powder

In the market. We have been awarded successively

Three Gold Medals!

At the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE and the State Agricultural Society for the superiority of our products over all others. We call attention to our

Hercules Powder,

Which combines all the forces of other strong explosives now in use, and the lifting force of the very

BEST BLASTING POWDER.

Thus making it vastly superior to any other compound now in use

Circular containing a full description of this Powder can be obtained on application at the offices of any of our agents.

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Vegetables, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware

TOBACCOES, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

All the novelties in Fancy Groceries. No need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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THE LEADING JEWELER OF RENO

Announces to the Public that he has the

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,

CLOCKS, SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE

Ever brought to Reno. Everything purchased is engraved

FREE OF CHARGE, and all goods guaranteed to be as represented.

Before purchasing your HOLIDAY GIFTS call and inspect my large and elegant stock and get my prices.

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Watch-Repairing in All Its Branches.

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L. D. FOLSOM.

S. O. WELLS.

In Masonic Building, corner Sierra St. and Commercial Row,

Keeps Everything in the Line of

HARDWARE, GROCERIES,

AND GENERAL PROVISIONS.

They Sell at Bedrock Prices and Guarantee Satisfaction.

Their Stock is Second to None in Either Quality or Assortment.

GIVE THEM A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

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RENO'S ATTRACTION.

F. LEVY & BRO.'S

Dry Goods, Cloak and Carpet Store.

LARGEST STOCK,

FINEST GOODS,

LOWEST PRICES.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

NEVADA CASH STORE.

Nevada Cash Dry Goods and Carpet Store

FORETHOUGHT—It is always well to bear in mind that

"A dollar saved is a dollar made." For this purpose we

are offering at extraordinary low prices the following

articles:

Children's All-Wool Cloaks. . . \$2 50.

Misses' All-Wool Cloaks. . . \$3 50.

Ladies' All-Wool Cloaks. . . \$5 00.

SEALETTE JACKETS and COATS are offered at Eastern prices.

BLANKETS, SHAWLS and FLANNELS, special inducements.

OUR DRESS GOODS of the latest styles positively compete with San Francisco.

OUR FANCY GOODS stock is fully assorted.

OUR WOOLEN HOSER Department is newly restocked and we are able to suit

all demands.

CARPETS, LINOLEUM and OILCLOTHS have been replenished with new

and handsome patterns of all grades of goods.

An inspection of our establishment, to convince purchasers

of the above statements, is respectfully solicited.

S. EMRICH, of the

Nevada Cash Dry Goods and Carpet Store

H. J. THYES.

H. J. THYES,

—WHOLESALE DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

First National Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.

Sole Agent for the State of Nevada for Schmidt & Co.'s Sarsaparilla and

Iron Water, from Stockton, Cal.

And Idaho Mineral Water and Ginger Ale from Idaho Soda Springs.

I also handle Sierra Beer from Boon, Cal., exclusively. Trade and Families supplied.

Good delivered free of charge in town.

FIRST-CLASS SIDEBOARD.

W. O. H. MARTIN.

W. O. H. MARTIN,

—DEALER IN—

Shelf Hardware, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire,

Steel, Cumberland Coal, Lime, Plaster, Cement,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Buckeye And all Other Kinds of Machine Extras a

Specialty.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TINWARE AND CROCKERY.

Agent for Empire Motor.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

TAX LIST.

NOTICE

Of Delinquent Tax Sale for State,

County and Special Taxes,

FOR THE FISCAL YEAR 1889.

TO THE FOLLOWING NAMED PROPERTY

owners, and to all owners of, or claimants to

described, known or unknown. It is hereby

notified that unless the taxes, together with the ten

per cent. delinquency, and two per cent. cost of

sale, are paid before 1 o'clock P. M. of Monday, the twentieth day of January, A. D. 1890,

will sell at public auction, at the Court House door in Reno,

county of Washoe, State of Nevada, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day,

all the public lands and other lands of the United States, together with the

ten per cent. delinquency and cost of advertising as aforesaid, and all such sale is subject

to redemption within six months after the date of such sale by payment of all said sums together

with three per cent. per month additional on the amount paid from date of sale until redeemed:

Narcissa Dufault, hotel and 18 acres of land in Franktown, section 10, township 76, range 10, 1890, tax \$30.31.

Battlehouse Mining Co., improvements at mine near Battlehouse, section 10, township 76, range 10, 1890, tax \$100.00.

Willow Creek Mining Co., lands commencing at sw. corner of section 10, township 18, range 20, running 224 ft. east, thence north along V. & T. R. E. fence 1.121 ft., thence west 600 ft., thence south, place of beginning, with me and improvements, 20.338 acres, \$300, tax \$104.84.

Jas. Mitchell, house in western part of Verdi, south of C. P. R. E. track \$300, tax \$9.

Ad. E. Reynolds, a half of ne quarter and a half of ne quarter, section 18, township 18, range 20, 160 acres, \$200, ne quarter of ne quarter, section 18, township 18, range 20, 160 acres, \$200, tax \$104.84.

Tells Monch, a half of sw quarter and w half of ne quarter, section 28, township 18, range 20, 160 acres, ne quarter of section 33, a half of ne quarter, section 34, township 18, range 20, 160 acres, and lots 1 and 2, section 34, township 18, range 20, 338 acres, \$300, tax \$29.90.

Jon. Jones, house in Pyramid, \$80, tax \$2.50.

W. F. Hubbard, ne quarter of section 34, township 18, range 20, 160 acres, section 14, township 24, range 18, 80 acres, \$75, tax \$1.80.

John Williams, ne quarter of ne quarter, section 10, township 24, range 18, 40 acres, \$25, a half of ne quarter, section 14, township 24, range 18, 80 acres, \$75, tax \$1.80.

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